

**two schmucks,  
chillin' in the  
hallway**

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## two schmucks, chillin' in the hallway by picturemegone

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**Summary:**

when richie can't find stan at his bar mitzvah, he wonders out into the hallway and finds his deflated friend.

(takes place at the reception of stan's bar mitzvah.)

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### Author's Note:

let me start this out with the fact that I wasn't raised jewish! I tried to do a lot of research as to get aspects of this correct, but if I use anything wrong please feel free to let me know!

enjoy the fic! enjoy yr day!

"Just let me, yah lil' soy friend, comfort yah." Richie laughs as he slides down the wall and plops down onto the floor next to a deflated Stan.

"Goy." Stan replies in a dull voice, his eyes not moving from the warm can of sprite in his hand. He'd been nursing the drink for about an hour now, and it still wasn't even halfway empty.

"Wha?" Richie leans forward, he had to lean down quite a bit so he'd meet Stan's eyes, which had been glued to the wooden floor.

"You said Soy, it's Goy." Stan repeats before he takes a small sip of his drink. "You're Not Jewish, so you're Goy." he continues into the can.

Richie knits his brow together but nods quickly, "Ah, alright that makes sense. If I'm being honest I'm just repeating some of those Yiddish things I overheard when I sat next to your grandpa during the service." Richie admits with a chuckle as he leans back against the wall.

Stan finds himself chuckling along with him much to his own surprise. As much as he rags on the buck-toothed kid, he had to admit his laughter could be rather infectious.

"Why're you out here though? This is your Bat Mitzvah, you should be tearing up the dance floor like your parents are my man." Richie continues as he bounces his shoulders and moves his head along to

the muffled beat of the music they could hear from where they were sat in the hallway outside the ballroom Stan's family had rented out for the night.

"Bar Mitzvah," Stan corrects him again "I'm a guy, so it's a Bar Mitzvah."

Richie waves his hand dismissively as he continues to bob his shoulders, "Yea I knew that, just a slip of the tongue." Stan finds himself smiling again at just how ridiculous his friend could be.

"If you're really so curious, I just needed to get away from all the people." Stan sighs and puts the sprite can down on the floor between his legs. He rests his elbows on his knees and puts his face in his hands.

The sadness had found its way back to him and it quickly drains him of any joy he'd found in Richie's company.

Richie might have been a loudmouth, a trash talker, and the most hyperactive kid born into Derry, Maine, but one thing Richie wasn't was stupid. He could tell Stan needed to talk, but he knew his lanky friend wasn't gonna admit it. So Richie stops his in-place dancing and tentatively scoots closer to Stan.

"Do you mind if I put my arm around you?" He asks in a voice that's uncharacteristically quiet.

Stan doesn't answer for a moment so Richie, fearing he hadn't been heard, starts to ask again but he was cut off when Stan lets out a muffled "No, go ahead."

Richie felt a little bit of relief come over him as he wraps an arm around his friends shoulders, pulling him into a side hug. He was glad Stan was open to some physical comfort, Richie only felt like he was usefully consoling someone when he could physically comfort them and usually the other boy would physically recoil at the mere suggestion of contact.

"You still upset about Bill and them?" Richie asks as he moves his hand to rub his palm gently between Stan's shoulder blades.

Stan had lost his suit coat the second the service had ended, leaving him in a neatly pressed thin blue dress shirt and expertly ironed kakis. Richie always felt a tinge of envy at how well Stan cleans up.

“I mean yeah, aren’t you?” Stan mumbles into his hands.

“Of course.” Richie chuckles awkwardly, trying desperately to keep the mood light. “On the bright side you weren’t the one to get your shit rocked by someone you’ve called a friend since the second grade.” Richie continues as he uses his free hand to sloppily press his glasses back up the bridge of his nose.

Stan laughs, it’s short and hollow.

“It felt like he kinda punched all of us if it helps.” He mumbles. Stan sits up and Richie moves the hand that was on Stan’s back to his own lap. Stan presses the heels of his hands to his eyes and leans his head against the wall; he breathes in deeply as exhales shakily.

No.

He couldn’t start crying, not right now.

Not in front of Richie.

“Aw Stan my Man...” Richie trails off. He wedges his arm between Stan and the wall and pulls him into another hug. Richie lets out a light surprised noise when Stan turns his upper body and pulls Richie into a proper hug.

Stan takes a deep breath into Richie’s shoulder and exhales shakily again as a few tears escape him. Richie wraps his arms around Stan fully, engulfing his friend in the awkwardly positioned hug. They sat there together for a couple minutes, sharing a comfortable silence only interrupted by a few muffled snuffles from Stan.

Richie rubs his friends back and rests his chin on the top of Stan’s head.

“You smell like lavender.” He comments mindlessly; it was something to fill the space with.

"T-thanks, I-I borrowed Mom's shampoo because I ran out." Stan says into Richie's shoulder, his voice is muffled.

If Richie was being honest with himself, this was a very physically uncomfortable way to console a friend. Stan's breath was hot and muggy against his neck and Richie could feel the puddle of Stan's snot and tears growing on the collar of his unbuttoned dress shirt. His back was twisted at an odd angle, as he didn't have time to situate himself properly before Stan had roped him into the hug, but he ignores it as he gently runs his fingers through Stan's hair.

"You should keep using it, the smell suits you."

"How can a smell suit someone?"

"Dunno, it just suits you."

Richie pats Stan's pack twice before he takes his arms from around Stan and places them on his shoulders. He pushes them both apart gently and Stan makes a dejected noise before releasing his friend.

Richie holds the two apart for a moment, looking over Stan's now red and puffy face. "Come to the bathroom and I'll help you with the swelling." Richie smiles as he rubs his hands comfortingly on the other boys shoulders.

Stan nods as he rubs the back of his hand against his eyes in attempts to swipe away his tears. "Rich you really don't have to..." Stan trails off weakly, but he stops when he's gently pulled forward and he feels something warm and gentle on his forehead.

It takes him a moment to realize that Richie Tozier had kissed his forehead.

The tenderness it had carried causes him to stare at Richie dumbly, with wide eyes and raised brows.

"My mom does that when I cry," Richie starts, his voice isn't carrying the calm tone he'd intended it to, instead it wavered and went up higher on the last word "I just thought it'd help?" he shrugs.

Stan nods, his mouth still open ever so slightly.

Richie takes his hands off Stan's shoulders and gets to his feet. He extends a hand down to his friend, who takes it. Richie grunts as he assists his taller friend in standing and the two share a laugh when they both stumble slightly.

"Sorry if that was, weird." Richie blurts out, his magnified eyes staring down at the space between them. He swears he can see his reflection in Stan's shoes.

Stan shakes his head quickly, his own curls bouncing "no no no! It's fine! It even helped a little." Stan reassures his friend as he reaches out and begins to adjust Richie's untucked shirt.

Richie allows himself to be nervously preened like a baby bird is by its mother. He actually likes it when Stan or Eddie would pick at his hair and readjust his clothes, it made him feel looked after, loved.

Stan plucks his glasses off his face and uses Richie's untucked shirt to clean them. "How do you even bike with these things? They're filthy." Stan tuts before handing them back to Richie. "Couldn't see your own hand in front of your face even if you tried." He added with a smile as he passes Richie his glasses back.

Richie chuckles as he slides them back on his face, "I just don't ever think to clean them."

Stan rolls his eyes, trying his best to come off exasperated but he lets a little laugh escape.

"Now where's the bathroom, I'll teach you what Bev told me about reducing eye swelling."

### **Author's Note:**

so this is just something I churned out over a few days because I've been very stressed out and just needed to write some sweet bois. I don't have a beta, so all mistakes are my own!

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concerns!